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An Appreciation Of The Late Rev. G. H. Mitchell's Life And Works

By D. E. Blue

Among the few, the immortal names which were not born to die. If one should be kissed by the heavenly muses and had his soul filled with the harmonies and melodies of nature, he could not even sing more appropriately of the life, character and works of the late Rev. G. H. Mitchell. His journey is over, his life's long day is done. The music of his life may have died away but the melody of that life still lingers on.

No college or university was ever wise enough to honor him with such degrees as men yearn for, but Rev. Mitchell was learned of God, as he maintained his daily contacts with men, nature, God, and the spirit of God. Mitchell is not dead. All things are immortal and if even tiniest bit of impersonal and immaterial protoplasmic mass is indestructible, immortal and can never be destroyed by that intangible incomprehensible mis-applied process that men choose to call—death.

Rev. Mitchell lived by the road side of life. This was his own choice so that "those who are good and those who are bad" might feel the warmth of his soul, the radiance of his countenance and the gentle touch of his life in order that their life might be not only directed in harmony with that eternal will of God, but he so lived that some little word of his, or act of his might make life fuller, happier and more significant to both God and man.

Rev. Mitchell worked mostly the neglected despised and often forgotten proletariat of God. The lowest and most sinful always found in him a solicitous and helpful father and brother. The scorned and despised found in him one whose sympathies were always extended along with his hand of help midst any of the varied changes and events of their life. He was one of those sweet, simple, sincere and consecrated souls that God has on earth to live as examples to us who are prudish, pedantic and silly snobs who seek but never find that measure of honor and happiness that is born of nothing but unselfish and sincere service to God and humanity.

Sleep on Mitchell. You deserve the rest. A reward is waiting. It won't be long now until others of your friends will again rejoice in that broad, unique and radiant smile that lived forever on your face. You will ever live in the hearts and minds of those who knew the fine and delicate fabric of your soul and who appreciated the hidden and unknown qualities that made you stand out as one of the truest and finest noblemen of God, ministering to the cares and needs of men. You were a Prince, a friend, a great leader. And now you are one of those transported and enraptured Saints of God enjoying that home of eternal bliss for which your friends struggle, and towards which we move with steady steps and unrelenting faith and courage. Farewell! Goodbye!

Mr. C. V. Thurmond is on the sick list. We hope for him a speedy recovery.

Mr. Roosevelt Harris left Tuesday for Leland, where he is engaged in a government project.

Mrs. A. D. Purnell has returned home after a lengthy stay in the Windy City, visiting relatives and friends.

HONORED



Miss B. O. Felder

While in attendance upon the Two State Youth Congress at Jackson, Miss., last week, Miss B. O. Felder was appointed to serve on the Executive Board of the W. H. and F. M. Society of the A. M. E. Church. This position makes Miss Felder a Connec-tional Representative of the Great African Methodist Episcopal Church.

Pastor Michelle of Bethel said Sunday morning that it was the dropping of Rev. S. P. Felder's mantle upon his daughter. Others who know of Miss Felder's years of service in the A. M. E. Church, are congratulating her for having received this reward.

Miss Felder was among those who helped swell the building fund for our own Bethel A. M. E. Church and we are proud to have her bring such laurels to Mound Bayou.

Little Miss Delma Gibson of New Albany, Miss., accompanied by Mrs. J. M. Brown, spent Tuesday Evening with Mrs. H. M. McCarty.